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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A MEMORY.

A memory comes to me to-night,
Of vanished days;
When I could hear and all was right—
O dear, dead days.

The world was filled with various sounds
To me so dear,
Life seemed one long, bright summer day
When I could hear.

The rapturous songs of happy birds,
The hum of bees;
The plaintive whisper of the wind
Among the trees.

The faint sweet sound of distant chimes,
The thunder's roar;
The waves low sobbing as they broke
Upon the shore.

In fancy I can hear to-night,
Songs sweet and low,
Which mother oft at twilight sang
So long ago.

It seems but yesterday I heard
Her low sweet song,
But years have fled,—I scarce can think
It is so long.

The world is a world of silence now.
The birds' soft trill,
And mother's songs, and evening chimes,
Are hushed and still.

And yet, I feel each day, how good
God is to me.
Tis true, I can no longer hear—
But I can see.

The glorious tints of sky, at rise
And set of sun;
And misty purple shadows fall,
When day is done.

Beauty in every form is spread
O'er land and sea,
Ah! yes, indeed, kind heaven has
Been kind to me.

My heart in grateful love goes up,
To that blest One,
And lowly, reverently, I breathe,
"Thy will be done."

When this strange earthly life is o'er,
Death's angel dear,
Will bear my soul to realms of bliss
Where I shall hear.

Music of wondrous sweetness then,
Shall greet my ear,
In that long-wished-for glorious land,
Where I shall hear.

—*Mignon.*

A BOY BOARDER.

Once upon a time—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact—a little boy stood one morning at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him. Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was waiting for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder which made him turn around, and he said, with great atonishment:—

"What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? And how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter I'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come upstairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney pots, where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully white-washed. The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down to the kitchen, and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a mutton pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out.

Peter enjoyed the mutton pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils, and brushes and colors. Haven't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas despairingly, "and I don't kuow how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter mournfully.

"I tell you what," suggested Thomas, "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men women, birds and trees of beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding house up among the chimney pots, for now Peter could have pencil, paper and Indian rubber, and a few other thing that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little; he went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and everything he could find he drew, whether of pictures in the churches, or the fronts of old palaces, or the statue in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened.

Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm. Things went on this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day the cardinal took it in his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places he had never in all his life thought of before. At last he reached the garret, and as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding house.

"Why, how's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. "Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen boy, Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear andtrembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then at the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen boy," said the cardinal kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away," he cried imploringly, falling on his knees.

"I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for paining in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him: "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was: "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!" And he was the boy who took a boarder.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

THE VALUE OF LEMONS.

Keep lemons in the house, if possible, as they are sure to be in demand for more purposes than one, and are very healthy. It is claimed where a large quantity of lemons are purchased, and there is fear of their not keeping till wanted for use, that if they are placed in a jar covered with clear water and the water changed each day, they will keep as long as desired, and are as fresh when removed from the jar as when first purchased.

There are few things as efficacious for breaking up a cold as hot lemonade, taken just before bedtime. It is best, to render this more effective, to bathe the feet of the patient in hot water and mustard just before retiring, then give hot lemonade to drink. Put the patient to bed almost immediately thereafter, there to remain well covered until morning, when unless there is something more serious than a cold, the latter will almost wholly have disappeared.

To make good lemonade take a goblet of hot water, and into it squeeze the juice of one good-sized lemon, and sweeten to taste. This makes a strong lemonade, and may not be fancied by some; but it is one of this kind that will do the nost good when used as a medicine. For a cough, roasted or baked lemon is good. Put a good-sized lemon in the oven, and let it remain until baked, which will be when the whole is very soft; then take out, and add a quantity of sugar to make it a thick syrup. Take a teaspoonful of this frequently, keeping it warm, and, unless in a very obstinate case, it will effect a cure in a short time.

The juice of a lemon taken in the morning while fasting is often a preventative of those attacks to which bilious people are so frequently subjected. Lemon juice rubbed over the hands each night before retiring will keep them soft and white. It is good for removing tan, and is a wonderful whitener of the skin.

It is also excellent for taking out stains from the hands. Women who are careful of their complexions, and are fond of vinegar on certain foods, would do well to use a few drops of lemon juice when any acid is desired, as vinegar has a bad effect on the skin.

A piece of lemon bound on a corn, changing for a fresh piece each day for three days, is said to loosen the corn that it may be easily removed. Do not throw away bits of lemon from which the juice has been extracted, for they are good for cleaning purposes. When the juice is not convenient they are nice to rub on the hands to remove any ink stain and other discolorations. A piece of lemon, dipped in salt and rubbed briskly over a copper kettle, will give it a good polish.

Never eat or allow to be eaten bits of lemon left standing for any length of time, more especially when they have so remained in a sick-room. Do not throw away any lemon peel, but dry it the oven, and keep for flavoring. A bit of this dried peel cooked in apple sauce, or put in an apple pie, gives a delicious flavor that nothing else imparts.—*Home Queen.*

THE STORY OF THREE CHURCHES.

ONE BUILT FROM A SINGLE STONE, ONE FROM A SINGLE TREE, THE THIRD BY ONE MAN.

From Architecture and Building.

The following story comes from Waterloo, Ia.: The members of the Presbyterian church decided to erect a new place of worship. Stone was scarce; in fact, there were no quarries and no rock suitable for building purposes nigh at hand. At last their attention was called to what was apparently a large boulder which stood in the middle of a plain about eight miles from the town. This huge mass of rock was like an island in the midst of a vast sea. About 8 feet of it projected above ground. The work of excavating this gigantic boulder was at once begun. When exposed to view it was found to be 28 feet high, 36 feet long, and 20 feet wide. On this monolith the workmen began their labors with drill, hammer, and dynamite, and the enormous rock was converted into building stones. The pieces were conveyed to the town, and before long a wonderful metamorphosis was apparent and then this giant boulder, after resting undisturbed for countless years and buried by the deposits of ages, was transformed into a beautiful church. In its rough state this great rock is estimated to have weighed more than 2,500 tons.

To build a church from material taken from one boulder certainly is surprising, but not so much so as to build and complete a large wooden church from the timber of a single tree, no other lumber from any source being used, the building being the largest church edifice in the country. This building is situated in Santa Rosa, Cal., and was erected for the members of the Baptist communion of that place. The timber was taken from a redwood tree that grew in the neighborhood. The interior of the church was paneled and finished with wood, not a particle of plaster or other similar material being used. The floors, seatings, pulpit, roof and roofing were all formed from material taken from the same tree, and after the building was finished in every particular, stuff enough was taken from it to manufacture 60,000 shingles, besides a large quantity of scantlings, joists and other dimension stuff.

There is a Presbyterian church at Hepburnville, Pa., that was built by one man. It is a beautiful stone structure built from great boulders taken from Brobst Mountain. The name of the man who built this church was George Taylor, and he labored at it for more than six years, quarrying and cutting his own stone and putting them in place when opportunity presented. The building is 60x38 feet, with a square tower 60 feet high. Before the church was quite finished Taylor grew ill. His hammer, chisel, and trowel were laid aside, and they were never again taken up by him. In his will it was found that he left the church and all its belongings to the congregation. There remained a small debt, which was partially wiped out the first Snnday service was held in the building. A subscription was raised and a pretty memorial window was erected by the congregation in honor of the aged and untiring builder.

Public story tellers still earn a good livelihood in Japan. In Tokia six hundred of them ply their trade, provided with a small table, a fan and a paper wrapper to illustrate and emphasize the points of their tales.

In Germany when the vote of the jury stands six against six the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.

A merchant in Copenhagen was fined 10 crowns for having used the American flag as an advertising medium.

About $10,000,000 in gold is now concealed in the teeth of people in the world.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumont DeWitt, of Southwest Oswego, wish through the JOURNAL, to inform their friends that the rumor circulated to the effect that they were since their married life divorced, and and again living together is false. A great many of their friends were told this story, and will be glad to know that their married life has been happy and their dear little baby, Sarah, only adds to their joy. Mr. DeWitt is employed on a farm opposite his home and is a good worker, well liked, well spoken of, and has had the place the past three years, so this is one proof he is doing well and we hope he will continue to do so all his life.

Miss Minnie Carroll possesses a fine picture of the Infant Christ and His Mother. Dr. E. J. Bissell, who cured her of ulcers in her eyes a few years ago, travelled with his wife along the Mediterranean Sea and visited Venice, Italy, and other historical places. On their return they brought her the picture from Rome, Italy. It will always be greatly prized by her on account of the givers.

An Erie excursion train came here just full of people a few days ago. Among the crowd were from Binghamton, N. Y., Messrs. Lynch, Colgan, Morgan, King and Williamson, Miss Gillen, of Brooklyn, and Mr. F. Murray, of Elmira. A trolley car came along into which they were soon seated and off they went for Mrs. Dantzer's. She had kindly invited all to take dinner with her. They were about dying for a visit to famous Charlotte, so after dinner they in company with Mrs. Dantzer and Miss M. E. Carroll boarded a Summerville car and were within half an hour jumping out again. They then took a boat ride across to Charlotte and decided to try the roller coaster, which proved a most exciting ride to those who had never had one before. After seeing as much as possible they returned to the home of their hostess and in the evening her husband returned and was surprised to see his Binghamton friends there. The next day the whole party visited the Western New York Institution for the Deaf, here in this city, and were kindly shown through the buildings by Miss Baulch a most pleasing person who did her best to entertain them. After that they went down to the river bank even though they knew there were lots of rattlesnakes. etc., there and sat for their pictures way down on the rocks that were once covered up by the waters of the Genesee but that the sinking of the river has left dry. Mr. Williamson and Rev. Dantzer took turns in photographing them, all had a most delightful time and were very sorry when the time came for them to say good bye. They were sorry not to see all the Rochester deaf-mutes; but hope to come again sometime.

Mrs. E. F. Timmerman has returned from her home in Hartford. She expects soon to move.

Mr. Ovid Cohen, of Erie, Pa., was in this city not long ago.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer presented his wife with a Kodak on her last birthday, and they have been doing some real good work in photography.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Goodison, have moved from Cypress Street, into a much more convenient house on Mansion Street.

Mrs. Sarah Whitcomb, of East Broome, N. Y., who is eighty-two years old, has made a rug all by hand and presented it to Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer, who are much pleased with it.

MAJELLA.

GUILD OF SILENT WORKERS.

The monthly meetings of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Parish House of the Beloved Disciple, 67 East 89th Street, near Madison Avenue, on Tuesday, September 28th, at 8 P.M. A full attendance of members is earnestly requested, and others are always welcome.

S. M. BROWN,
Sec'y.

Trenton News and Notes.

WHAT IS GOING ON, AND WHAT HA HAPPENED IN TRENTON THE PAST FORTNIGHT.

As we before said; "We will condemn where condemnation is due—and give credit where credit is due," we will now do a little condemnation. We attended the picnic of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society at Newark, on the 28 th of August, and we more than surprised to find such a place to hold a picnic in as Roseville Park is. The park—if it is rightly dubbed a park—is a very poor specimen of one. It is not more than an acre in size—and we almost turned away in disgust when we saw the place. The only thing good about it is the dancing pavilion, which takes up more space than all the other buildings combined. We arrived at the park at 2:00 P.M., and everything went along smoothly until about 10:00, when a brawl was raised, but was soon over, but as soon as it stopped, it was only to be followed by another. We think that if the society would hold their next picnic at Shooting or Caledonian Park, that there would be a much larger turn out, and that the visitors would have much more of a chance to enjoy themselves.

Frank Purcell met with a very painful accident recently while attending to his machine, at the Trenton Iron Co., where he is employed. Before he was aware of it, his hand came in contact with a piece of wire and plowing into his hand cut a blood-vessel, which caused a great loss of blood. At this writing his hand is very much better, and he will soon have the use of it.

Frank Nutt went to the picnic at Newark on August 28th, and reports having a first-class time.

We recently saw in one of our local papers that the wife of Capt. Eckert, of the Volunteers of America, is a deaf-mute, but we have never had the opportunity to speak to her. What her maiden name was, I am at a loss to say.

Isaac R. Bowker, one of the best known deaf-mutes in the State, has secured a situation in a lamp globe factory in town, and he says he is quite pleased with his job. He, until recently, worked at the American Saw Co., but, on account of little work there, he left and got employment at the above place.

School re-opened on the 14th with the usual large attendance. The grounds have been kept in fine condition all through the summer, and they now attract considerable attention. Quite a number of applications for admittance have been received, but it is very likely that all can be admitted, as the buildings are now overcrowded.

The "Silent Worker," printed at the School, is beyond a doubt the finest school paper printed in the country. I, being a good judge of press work and typography, would say that it stands without a peer. Anyone who did not know it, who picked up the papers would say the presswork was the work is done by an expert, but such is not the case. It is done by a young man, about eighteen years of age. The rise of the paper into such popularity is the result of Mr. Geo. S. Porter's untiring energy in its interest, and who has worked hard to bring it to the front. Quite a member of new subscribers have been received, the proceeds from which goes to the buying of of new books for the library.

Harry Loveless, who has been working at Perrysville, Md., has left that place and is now working on a farm, near this place.

"Bob White" and Lewis Carty went to Newark awheel to attend the picnic of the New Jersey Society on August 28th. Their adventures are worth taking note of, and we will endeavor to give a short account of it.

The trip was commmenced at 4:30 A. M., on Saturday morning. We got along nicely until we reached Rocky Hill, a few miles out of Princeton; where we had to walk 2 miles up hill, ("G. S. P." calls this place "Coontown.") After walking up Rocky Hill, we came to a fine road of macadam, which we followed on to New Brunswick. From New Brunswick we went to Metuchen, from Metuchen to Plainfield to Elizabeth to Newark. Arriving at Newark at 10:45. It must be remembered that we had never been over this route before, but we depended on the sign-boards at every crossing to guide us to our destination. We had fine roads from Trenton to Kingston, and from New Brunswick to Newark, it all being macadamized. On the return trip "Bob's" tire blew out, which necessitated the walking of two miles to the depot. Here he got his tire fixed, and then rode home safely. We left Newark at 10:45, arriving at Trenton at 6:30. We each got separated from the other by going in the wrong direction, "Bob" arriving home first. Were we tired—well, I should smile. As soon as Carty arrived at Trenton, he went to the land of Morphens on the floor of the hall at the school.

Marvin Hunt, of Lambertville, succeeded in capturing two prizes, one a silver-trimmed whisk and a neat little silver clock, at the New Jersey Society's picnic.

"Bob White" recently spent his vacation at the home of his parents, at Rosemont, N. S. He is a devotee of the rod and gun, and reports having a fine time.

Geo. F. J. Morris, an old graduate of the home school, who has been employed at shoemaking at Point Pleasant, N. J, had to leave his job on account of the people who board at the above resort, going away at the approach of fall, thus decreasing the orders for work. He is a fellow who is not afraid of work. He has been in Trenton a week hunting for a job, but he has so far failed in his efforts.

"Ted," you made a mistake, yea, two of them, when you said "Bob White and McCarthy, of Trenton." It should have been Harry Smith, of Trenton, and Lewis Carty, of Florence, N. J. "Bob White" is only my nom-de-plume. See?

What is more disgraceful than to see a deaf-mute begging alms, and as soon as he gets money enough, he goes and gets dead-drunk, yes, helplessly drunk? This is what our friend, "G. S. P.," reports seeing. While on a wheeling trip, at Kingston, about 14 miles from Trenton, he was told that a deaf-mute, named Kennedy, had been at that place, as "full as a tick." Mr. Porter never gave it much thought, but on his arriving home, a few days after being told, he was accosted by this same fellow, who asked him for money. Mr. Porter used his fertile brain, and neatly caught the fellow in a plumb lie. Kennedy tried to lie out of it by using another name. Mr. Porter says he don't tolerate such "unfortunates."

An effort is being put forth to form a bicycle club here next year. We think it would be a success, as there are quite a good many deaf wheelmen here.

Francis J. Purcell and Frank Nutt, two of our young sports, on September 5th, went on an excursion to Washington Park with the Cecilia Singing Society, and report having a fine time. They also visited the famous race track city, Gloucester City, and also Camden.

Reuben C. Stephenson was in town last Saturday. He played baseball with the Blinns, a very strong club of Marksville, Pa. The game was between the Blinns and the Y. M. C. A. of this city. The Blinns won by the score of 11 to 10. Stephenson made three runs.

"BOB WHITE."

A man well up in dog lore counsels intending purchasers of a puppy to let the mother of the puppy choose for them. In carrying them back to their bed the first the mother picks up will always be the best.

In Japan small children of the poor, who have the gift of straying and no nurses to look after them, are safeguarded by the simple precaution of hanging labels round their necks which tell their names and adressess.

A Minneapolis genealogist reckons up four billions of persons between William the Conqueror and his descendants now living.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THAT Theodore Grady has passed an examination and been admitted to the bar, in the State of California, does not surprise his friends in the East. Those who met him and knew him when he was taking a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University, had evidence enough of his capability and persistence. Mr. Grady is a semi-mute, and after graduating from the California Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, successfully pursued a course at the University of California. He has, since his post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins, been employed as a teacher at the Institution for the Deaf at Berkeley, Cal., and his law studies were pursued during the afternoons when class-room duties were over. Mr. Grady's success is a complete triumph for the maxim that "all things come to him who waits"—and studies and strives. It also raises the question whether deafness imposes any limitations to mental advancement, a question that is often answered in the negative, but very seldom is so signally demonstrated as in this case. Deafness is truly a barrier to intellectual progress, but the barrier is not insurmountable. Instances of the success of the deaf in professional pursuits might be multiplied, but as Mr. Grady's case is the latest to attract public attention, comment is in order; yet no one of our readers must misunderstand it to be a solitary instance of intellectual superiority.

THE "Lord High Executioner" has been busy in three States this summer, and the official heads of institutions for educating the deaf in Kansas, Illinois and Nebraska, have been decapitated.

Partisan politics is to blame for the slaughter, as inefficiency has not been charged, and could not be charged, against any of the three—Messrs. Walker, Hammond and Gillespie.

The JOURNAL regrets that the services of so distinguished an educator as Prof. Gillespie will be lost to the deaf of Nebraska. He had served at the head of the Nebraska Institution over twenty years, and brought it up to the standard which first-class institutions of the same character are proud to maintain. He was an enthusiast in aural teaching, and if he robbed speech and lip-reading of any glory, by proving that the remnant of hearing played an important part in interpreting the speech of others, in a certain percentage of cases, he certainly conferred a great boon upon the partially deaf who came under his care. Prof. Gillespie is advanced and progressive in his views, and the substitution of a principal who knows nothing about the education of the deaf, will work irreparable damage to the deaf-mutes of the "Blackwater State."

Information Wanted.

THERE is in the Long Island College Hospital a deaf-mute woman, thirty-one years old, named Mary Burns. It is said she has a semi-mute brother, George Burns, who is represented to be a reporter for the New York *World*. Information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by the anthorities at the above named hospital.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

The friends of William H. Reymann, formerly of Jeffersonville, N. Y., will be pleased to know he has a better position in an Acid Works at Galeton, Pa.

On September 3d, Mrs. Ensign, Mrs. Gray and Miss Edith P. Gray, enjoyed a pleasant ride to East Maine, N. Y., where they visited Mrs. Whitcomb, an aged deaf-mute.

Moroseness and gloom effectually kill out all the gladness and sunshine of life, and taking those away, there is also taken away the working force, the energy that forms the motor.

Mr. John Colgan, of Binghamton, N.Y., is the proud father of a boy, who arrived at his household on the morning of September 11th, weighing ten pounds. Mother and child are doing well.

Recently a stranger entered the basement of the apartment house where Frederick R. Stryker resides, in the northern portion of the Borough of Manhattan, and made away with his wheel. It hasn't been recovered yet.

On August 31st. Bennie Tilbury, of Union, N. Y., who is a pupil of the Rome (N. Y.) Institution, joined a party of friends at Gray Farm near Binghamton, N. Y., and with them enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon.

Miss Ida Anspach, of New York, has returned home, after spending a very enjoyable and profitable vacation at the sea shore, at Far Rockaway. She has learned to swim and to ride the wheel, and made hosts of friends.

James Lynch, Charles Colgan, Frank Morgan, J. S. Williamson, of Binghamton, N. Y; Fred. H. King, of Lestershire, N.Y.; Frank Murray, of Elmira, N. Y., and Miss Annie Gillen of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent the last Sunday and Monday in August with deaf friends in Rochester.

Merritt Ostrander, of Whiteport, N. Y. lately had the pleasure of a visit from his old classmate, Dennis Mahoney. They had not seen each other for thirty years. Mr. Mahoney works in the State bindery at Albany, and has been steadily employed there for thirty-nine years.

Miss Annie Gillen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Williamson at Binghamton, N. Y., since the Convention of the Empire State Association, visited deaf friends in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y., during the G. A. R. encampment, and expects to return home soon.

Charles H. Angle, of Superior, Wis., had a short pleasant vacation. He took a trip to Chicago and thence to Niagara Falls, and had a delightful ride in a trolley car in the Niagara Gorge to Lewiston. He did not see any deaf in Buffalo on August 24th and 25th. While on the way to Erie, Pa., he did not see any deaf in the train. He stopped at Chicago to attend the Illinois Alumni Reunion, and had a nice bicycle parade with the deaf on August 29th.

Placing the helpless inmates of the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb under the charge of a man who knows nothing about them, and had no experience whatever with the care or instruction of Deaf and Dumb people, is almost the same as robbing these poor people of the education to give them which the taxpayers have paid. Yet this what Governor Holcomb has done in order to provide a lucrative job for a political favorite.—*Omaha Bee.*

Among the deaf who attended the most successful fair ever held by the Cambridge Valley Association at Cambridge, N. Y., were Mr. and Mrs. Brownell, of West Cambridge, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Milliman and two children, E. C. Lortie, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Becker and three children, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lamson, of North Easton, N. Y.; Mrs. Geting, of Waterford, N. Y.; Miss Jennie French, of Greenwich, N. Y.; Mr. John Seely, of Amsterdam, N. Y., and William D. Hickok of North Adams, Mass. The day was marked by a beautiful floral parade and an immense crowd and fine weather.

A SEVERE ORDEAL.

"See how gnarled and knotted that man's fingers are!" exclaimed the young woman.

"Yes. They got that way in base-ball."

"Was he a catcher?"

"No. He was an umpire. You see, he's a deaf-mute, used to have arguments with deaf-mute players."—*Washington Star.*

Struck Dumb While Smoking.

GREENVILLE, ILL., Sept. 8.—J. C. Cox, a merchant and postmaster at Ayers, a village five miles north of this place, was struck dumb Tuesday evening.

While he was smoking in front of his store his pipe fell from his mouth, and he has not been able to speak a word since.

Otherwise Mr. Cox is in good health. He attends to business with the assistance of a slate and pencil.

SEPTEMBER.

The month when sweet apples begin to turn red,
And ripen and mellow on boughs overhead.
Morning glories have climbed to the top window-ledge,
And golden rod waves by the roadside and hedge.
The days become shorter and breezes are cool,
And little folks have to go back to their school;
For vacation is over, the summer is gone
And Autumn and Winter are now coming on.

—*Clifford Howard.*

NERRASKA INSTITUTION.

SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTITUTE FOR DEAF AND DUMB MAKES A STATEMENT.

Omaha Bee, Sept. 6.

On September 15th, and after having served for nearly twenty years as superintendent of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. Prof. S. A. Gillespie leaves the institution. That he may be set right before the people and that they may know why he leaves the institute, Prof. Gillespie has prepared the following statement for publication.

OMAHA, Sept. 1. *To the Editor of The Bee:* In response to requests from representatives of the press as well as from many prominent citzens for a statement regarding matters personal to myself, in connection with the present condition of affairs at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, I now make the following:

I had not expected to be removed from the position of superintendent, though I knew of the pressure for place being made upon the executive.

It was my understanding with the governor that I was not to be molested in my work; and acting upon that theory I took no steps looking for any other appointment, but engaged my force of workers as usual.

Then came the letter from his excellency, Governor Holcomb, which is made a part of this statement.

The report of the committee, out of which "a controversy of more or less magnitude will grow." as indicated by the public press, makes the statement that in the nearly twenty years of my superintendency the books show a discrepancy in accounts to the amount of about $1,900. The expert stated that this was not considered a shortage, but a statement of accounts presented for settlement with the State.

TURNED OVER ALL BOOKS.

When this committee arrived to begin business I turned over to them all my books and vouchers and offered them every facility to make a thorough examination, knowing that I had nothing to fear from a fair and just scrutiny of my record.

The gentlemen of the committee stated at the beginning of their work and frequently during its progress, that when they came to any item that was not entirely clear they would call upon me. This they failed to do.

The chairman stated fequently during the summer that when they were through they would go all over the report, item by item with me, and would make their report so fair that I would be entirely satisfied. I have called for a copy of this report repeatedly since the findings were published, and it is still withheld; for what purpose the public must judge.

That errors in bookkeeping exist I have no doubt; it would be strange if there were not. That many of the items as published can be made clear is true. There is nothing in any of the items as published, as as far as I am able to judge, which, when properly adjusted can not be settled amicably and without "controversy." I am ready to take this report and make the necessary corrections and settle the difference.

Until that time I ask the public to withhold any unfavorable judgment which might be formed from the, so far, one-sided publication.

It has been my policy during my entire service to keep politics out of this school, that my own time and that of my employes might be devoted to the business of the school for which we were paid. To what extent I have succeeded I ask the people of the State and the world to judge. I am not responsible for injecting politics into the management, and I am glad that I shall not be responsible for the results.

J. A. GILLESPIE,
Superintendent Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

GOVERNOR OFFERS EXCUSES.

Prior to severing his connection with the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Prof. Gillespie received the following communication from Governor Holcomb, which is self explanatory.

LINCOLN, NEB., Aug. 25.—Prof. J. A. Gillespie, Institute for the Deaf, Omaha, Neb.: Dear Sir—Yours of August 23d relative to the difference between yourself and the committee appointed by the legislature to investigate the management of the State officers and the various State institutions is at hand. I note you think that you can check over the report from four to six weeks after receiving a copy of the investigating committee's report, which at the time of writing you had not received.

I do not mean to be understood as implying that your management has been of such a character as to show intentional wrong to the State; on the other hand, I am inclined to regard it as the result of mistakes, and perhaps, carelessness.

The controversy, however, exists, and will probably continue so for quite a while.

After mature consideration and obtaining as much information as possible regarding the matter, I reach the conclusion that a controversy of more or less magnitude will grow out of the investigation and that it may not settled for some time in the future. I am also of the opinon that the success and best interests of the school will not be subserved by a continuation of yourself as superintendent, under these circumstances.

DECIDES ON A CHANGE.

In organizing the school under the law passed by the last legislature, I desire to have the work begun under the most favorable cicumstances, and do not believe this can be done under present conditions. I have, therefore, concluded to appoint Prof. H. E. Dawes to take charge of the school on September 1st or 15th, as may best suit your covenience.

I take occasion at this time to thank you for the many courtesies extended to me during the existence of our official relations, and to express the hope that you may find much pleasure and prosperity in the future in whatever work you may engage. Kindly advise me as to your wishes when your successor should take charge of the institution.

Yours very truly,
SILAS A. HOLCOMB, *Governor.*

Immediately upon the receipt of the communication from the governor, Prof. Gillespie wrote and sent a reply, of which the following is a copy:

OMAHA, NEB., Sept. 1, 1897.—Hon. Silas A. Holcomb, Governor of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb. Dear Sir:—I have your favor of August 25, notifying me of the appointment of my successor. You have the power to make such an appointment, at your pleasure, and I will be ready to turn over the keys of the institute to your appointee on the date you name, September 15.

HOLCOMB NAMES EMPLOYES.

I am constrained, however, to challenge the justice of this arbitrary action on your part. Your promise to me and to my friends that I was to remain, with my excellent corps of teachers, through your administration, has kept me from seeking any other appointment. Your wishes were complied with, and I have installed those named by you in all departments, where a change would be of no detriment to the school. You named my clerk, engineer, nightwatchman and farm man, and they have been on the State pay roll several months.

Your action has been unfair to me. It seems to me that I was at least entitled to an opportunity to refute the intimation of intentional wrong doing, which is said to have been embodied in its report, or to explain the discrepancies caused by various bookkeepers during the last nineteen years. I have repeatedly but unsuccessfully solicited and demanded a statement of the committee's findings.

As a matter of justice to myself, and to the community in which I have lived for twenty-five years, and the State of which I am a citizen, I now respectfully demand a copy of the report of the legislative committee to which you refer, and which has thus far, though often promised, been so unjustly withheld me.

INSPIRED BY PARTISANSHIP.

I cannot but feel that a partisan demand for place has inspired this action on your part, rather than real solicitude for the welfare of the institution so long entrusted to my care. So far as my official management of the affairs of this institute is concerned, I am ready to meet any statement made by this committee, to reconcile and make good any apparent discrepancies in accounts. I feel that my long and faithful service to the State, as superintendent of its institute for the deaf and dumb, will not be overlooked by the people, when they form judgment between us in this matter. My comrades in war stood for justice and equality before the law. They will do no less in time of peace.

I took charge of this educational institution when it was a cause to trouble and source of anxiety of the State government and to its patrons. During my service no State offical has ever been called upon to settle disturbances, nor internal dissensions. It is a matter of gratification to me that I leave the school in excellent condition, with a reputation for advanced and efficient work, not confined by State lines nor national boundaries. No governor, nor State officer, nor political committee has ever sought to inject politics into the management of the institute by dictating, nor even suggesting appointments to me, until such action came from you and your committee.

To this I ascribe much of the success I have attained. I leave the superintendency and the service of the State with the consciousness of a duty well done, and with the approval of the patrons of this school and all honest men.

Thanking you for official courtesies, I am, respectfully,

J. A. GILLESPIE,
Superintendent.

FANWOOD.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

A new gas main is being laid along Boulevard La Fayette. This is a much needed improvement, as the boulevard is one of the favorite routes of bicyclists. In some places the condition of the road renders riding extremely dangerous.

On Wednesday, September 8th, the vacation season of 1897 came to an end. All day long the pupils straggled in, and by evening nearly all were here. Of course, there are a few tardy ones, but the majority were on hand promptly. The teachers and officers had all arrived the day before. Their looks plainly showed the good the vacation had done them.

Thursday afternoon the pupils, teachers and officers assembled in the chapel. Dr. C. A. Leale, Chairman of the Committee on Instruction made a few remarks incident to the opening of the school term. Afterward the classification took place, and the results of the June examination were made known by Principal Currier. The Rotation System? Of course. It has proved a great success here, if nowhere else.

The roads of the Institution have been put in better condition by several loads of gravel—a heavy roller and water sprinkler are completing the work.

Principal Currier officiated in the Chapel Sunday morning. In the afternoon Prof. Fox conducted services. Both sermons were interesting, with plenty of good advice as how to begin the school year.

James Thompson expects to go to New Haven this autumn. He was a visitor here on the 14th of this month.

Twenty-one little boys were transferred here from the Mansion House, on Tuesday.

Football has been discontinued at Fanwood. During the summer a fine schedule had been arranged, and the manager wrote to the candidates requesting them to return at least one week before school opened, so as to have enough time for practice. Only three responded to the call, and when no others appeared they were sent home again.

But there is no lack of good material for a team, if one had been organized.

The basket ball team is in training again. The players this year are Ellis, Muench, Rappolt, Aveus, Moeslein, Orman, and Physical Director Cook. They have plenty of work before them.

Osmond Leow is another addition to Fanwood's bicycle corps. I understand that several other pupils are awaiting the arrival of their wheels.

There seems no hope of the New York base ball team winning the Temple Cup this season. But the base ball cranks here are still rooting for the team, studying the tables, till they know the name, average standing, and in fact nearly everything about the players, and can give the number of games lost or won, and the standing of the clubs. Nothing escapes their notice as they pore over the sporting pages of the daily papers. J. H. K.

NEW HAVEN.

The fourth Annual Outing of the New Haven Deaf-Mutes was held at Light House Point on Labor Day. There were many guests from near-by towns.

Light House Point is a pretty place, and it was a very elaborate affair, bathing, dancing, swings and games being indulged in by all. The day was very favorable, and the deaf picnickers enjoyed the fresh air.

At 6o'clock a dainty luncheon was served, after which the merry picnickers passed the time in conversation and general merrymaking by moonlight. A very pleasant afternoon and evening was spent, thanks to Mr. Taplin. At 9 o'clock they left the place to go to New Haven in the trolley cars, and were on their homeward journey by various routes.

Fully thirty-eight deaf and five hearing persons were present, making forty-three people in the party.

Among the numerous guests were were: Mr. J Eliott Taplin, Mr. William Waldron, Mr. Fred. G. Skillin, Mr. Harry Fancher, Mr. Charley Dermody, Mr. Everett G. Leek, Mr. John Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Axt, Mr. and Mrs. John McCue, Mr. Edgar Mackrille, Mr. Harry K. Ward, Miss Elsie K. Weis, Miss Emily Schmahl, Miss Mary Brennan, Miss Mary E. Barrett, Miss Annie Murphy, Miss Annie Shea, Miss Fannie McQueeney, Miss Lena G. Burke. Mrs. Mary Burke, Miss Katie Brennan, Miss Louisa Schmahl, Mr. and Mrs. William Sawyer. From Waterbury were Mr. Herman Erbe, Mr. Edward H. Hine, Mr. James R. Hine, Mr. Michael Walsh. From Branford were Miss Ada V. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac P. Beach, Mr. Patrick F. Williams and Mrs. Averill. From Bridgeport were Mr. Herman F. Probst and Mr. Charles Fay. From Guilford were Mr. and Mrs. James D. Bartlett. From Newark, N. J., were Miss Helen Housell and Miss Rachel Moses. From Hartford were John Muth and Mr. W. Holt. A picture of the picnickers was taken by Mr. Wm. Sawyer, of this city.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Disappointed Gathering.

TWO BLIND DEAF-MUTES.

A Budget of News Items About the Deaf.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The second meeting of the Clerc Literary Association on Thursday evening, 2d, was better attended than the first of this Fall. Mr. Thomas Breen had been engaged to give a reading. He has done the same thing a score or more times, and has thus established for himself a reputation in that line which was attested to again by the attendance on this occasion, even though it had been arranged at short notice. It chanced, however, that Mr. Breen did not put in an appearance, and the expected reading was not given. Whatever may have been the reason for not keeping his appointment, Mr. Breen should have been accounted lucky, for the weather was entirely too warm for such a protracted sign drill. President Ziegler was also absent, but all knew the cause of it, which was his duties at the Institution. The evening was then given to recitations by the members, led by H E. Stevens. the presiding officer, Charles W. Waterhonse, and R. E. Underwood.

The Mt. Airy School opened its doors for a new term last Wednesday. In about a week it is expected that all the pupils will have arrived. So far as known at present, there is no change in the corps of teachers. The reduction of the State's appropriation to the Institution will be met by an economical administration. If the Institution cannot be as liberal as heretofore, it will not be its fault.

Miss A. B. Sheddy is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. She has been tendered a position at the Institution laundry, and expects to begin work on the first of October.

The Board of All Souls' Guild held its monthly business meeting last Tuesday evening add discussed work for the Fall and Winter.

John D. Ziegler, of Carlisle, Pa., has obtained a situation in a shoe factory here, and he says that, if work will remain steady, as it now appears, he will remove with his family to this city in a month or so.

Miss B. W. Kreisel, of Baltimore, Md., spent a week taking in the sights of this big town. One of her impressions was that the trolley rides are much longer than in Baltimore. So Philadelphia must be much bigger than Baltimore.

Harry Bulger, a graduate of the Mt. Airy School, will enter the manual training department of the Roman Catholic High School this Fall.

Miss Della Robinson, of Line Lexington, Pa., is visiting in the city.

The hearing brother Mr. John K. Denlinger, of Lancaster, Pa., is the guest of Mr. H. S. Stevenson for a few days, while undergoing medical treatment. His name is A. K. Denlinger, and his home at Bird-in-Hand, Pa.

The planing will in which Townley H. Mondean is employed as assistant foreman, was partially destroyed by fire recently. Work has been resumed since.

Philip Greim, a helper in a large warehouse, mourns the loss of his favorite horse which he had been driving for a time.

A. J. Mc Gahan, who bears the distinction of being the only deaf-mute member of the Fairmount Rowing Club, spent Labor Day rowing on the Schuylkill River with a friend as company. He went as far down as Red Bank, New Jersey.

Miss Eunice Horton, formerly Mrs. Brown, is now helping Mrs. M. J. Syle.

Miss Hug. the blind deaf and dumb lady living with Mr. and Mrs. J. Vancourtlandt, is enjoying good health.

Miss Rinehart, also blind and deaf and dumb, at St. Luke's Home, is not so fortunate. Her health is said to be declining. She has a deaf-mute companion in the person of Mrs. Green. Some six years ago there were about eleven blind, deaf and dumb persons in and around Philadelphia. Some have since died, and we do not know just how many are living now. Had our proposed Home been established then, it would have been well filled with deserving inmates. And it is more than likely that it would have received excellent support from a sympathetic public. A home with eleven *blind, deaf and dumb* persons and other unfortunates, would have appealed strongly to their hearts. Ah! but the opportunity has been lost.

Friday, September 10th, Messrs. W. Houston, J. D. Baker (formerly of New Orleans, La.), Wm. A. Miles and ——— Phillips, went on a fishing expedition on the Delaware River. "Captain" Houston informs us that, although they watched patiently, the fish didn't bite. Perhaps they hadn't returned from their vacation yet.

Messrs. G. W. and P. C. Boss, of Baltimore, were among the Sunday excursionists to this city.

J. S. R.

Sept. 13, '97.

NEW MARKET, N. J.

The town of New Market, N. J., is well known by the deaf of New Jersey, as well as the large circle of the JOURNAL readers. There lives in the town two brothers, Joseph H. and Frank Penrose, both graduates of "Fanwood." Both are married and live in cozy cottages adjoining each other. They are law-abiding and peaceful people. Joseph H. married Miss Sallie Heller, who was one of the prettiest pupils of her day at Fanwood. Frank married Miss Minnie Flint, also a graduate of Fanwood, and a very sweet girl.

They are blessed with several children and are contented and happy.

The following items concerning them and friends, I hope space will be given in the JOURNAL:

Mrs. Joseph H. Penrose and family have returned home from a two weeks' stay at Easton, Pa., with the former's married sister Mrs. Heller.

Joseph H. and Frank Penrose and Edward D. Heller, all of New Market, N. J., wheeled to Roseville Park, N. J., to attend the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society's picnic, on Saturday, August 28th, and were very much pleased to meet their old friends, and had a pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Coombs, of Bound Brook, N. J. (four miles from New Market), were the guests of Messrs, Joseph H. and Frank Penrose last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Coombs are very proud of their of their pretty child.

Mrs. Peter Brede and three children, of Jersey City, have returned home after spending three weeks as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Penrose. Mrs. Peter Brede (*nee* Cora Flint) is the sister of Mrs. Frank Penrose (*nee* Minnie Flint.)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Penrose's eldest son George, was admitted to the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes at Trenton, on Tuesday last.

N. MARK.

Mute Boy Charged With Awful Crime

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Winfred Bell, a mute, has been arrested here for murdering his stepmother, Mrs. Pardon Bell. the wife of a young farmer at Helena. The only evidence yet discovered against him is the possession of a watch which the murdered woman wore, and the fact that he left his home under suspicious circumstances soon after the murder.

Pardon Bell parted with his wife some little distance from their home on Labor Day, and he noticed that his son, the mute, was following her a few hundred feet away.

The body of Mrs. Bell was found four days later near the place where her husband last saw her. It was carefully covered with stones, and there were evidences that she had been strangled. There was also a big cut on the back of the neck.

Besides the deaf and dumb son, Winfred, the family of Pardon Bell consisted of a half demented sister and two young children.

Rev. Job Turner is All Right.

BEAR LITHIA SPRING, VA., Sept. 3, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—A statement appearing in your valuable paper, representing me to be "a very sick man," has brought to me kind letters of solicitude touching my health.

As it is such an unusual thing for me to be sick, the attack of bilious indigestion, which I am grateful to say was but brief, made your informant regard my spell in in a more serious light than it really was.

I am grateful to say that I am in my usual good health, and fed no abatement in my strength.

I am as ready now as ever to prosecute my labors, and am responding to calls for my services.

Wishing you and all readers of the JOURNAL well,

Very truly yours,
JOB TURNER,
Deaf-Mute Missionary.

Mrs. Whitcomb.

Mrs. Whitcomb attended school in New York, when the school was situated at Fiftieth Street. She is now eighty-three years old; can still read without the aid of glasses. She is very fond of knitting rugs an d doing other fancy work. Her memory is remarkable for one of her age. She enjoys rehearsing her school days, mentioning Dr. H. P. Peet, principal, and Miss Prudence Lewis, pupil, among those who were at the above mentioned school during her school days. Mrs. Whitcomb is tenderly cared for by her son James and his most estimable wife.

NEW YORK.

The Silent Wheelmen Entertain.

A SUCCESSFUL INITIAL PICNIC.

A Cholera-Infantum Case.--A Drowning Case--A "Laid-off" Case--A Crabbing Case--and Cases of News.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 226 East 59th Street, New York City.

The thermometer registered 100 degrees in the street; and toward five o'clock this was all changed to a windstorm with evidences of a heavy downpour, but in spite of this, the Silent Wheelmen's Picnic at Fort Wendel Saturday afternoon and evening was a success from a financial standpoint, and as a social affair the two hundred who handed in their tickets can best judge; but from appearances they had a good time; although there were the usual two or three who for some reason or other felt lonesome; and there were many absentees who are regular attendants at picnics, as for instance most of the members of Union League who had another engagement, a party being given by Edgar Bloom, but just why such a similar date was chosen, is cause for contemplation.

It is a noteworthy fact that rivalry does exist, in some cases openly, and in other secretly, but whatever a few do towards boycotting one affair always reacts upon the aggressors, and this is what is causing the decrease in attendance at public entertainments. It is to be deplored, but there is no law against it, and such incidents must to the end of the world form part of its history.

Chairman Capelli was behind a semi-circular box office and took in the sheckels while his assistant took in the tickets, kindly assisted almost throughout the day by T. Winnifred Brown, who did creditable service in getting out the Souvenir Journal.

It was quite four o'clock before the first party tried to prevent themselves from rolling down the board walk that leads to the park, and it was six before the ticket taker could count a hundred tickets, but between that time and nine o'clock a hundred more were taken in, and at half past nine the gates were thrown wide open, although not many took advantage of it.

Owing to the intense heat the games were abandoned, but the bowling contest proved quite exciting. George Lindemann won first prize, toppling twenty-six pins in three throws; and John Black was second being the second best twirler of the wooden sphere. Mrs. J. F. O'Brien knocked down nine pins, which was not equalled by any other lady.

Mrs. Rachel Coakley was the only wheelwoman who came on her wheel, and she evidently enjoyed the long ride home at the close of the picnic. Others coming on their wheels were: E. A. Hodgson, A. M. Hennings, I. N. Soper, Chairman Capelli, J. Giddings, who came from Paterson, and Winnie ("Betsey's" own Winnie), who came from Port-Chester with a wind at his back and a strong one against him on the return.

James Nash brought over his children from Newark, and completed his record as a good attendant at the outings this summer, smashing John Wilkinson's, the latter of whom is said to have been incapacitated by a mosquiuto bite on the sole of his shoe.

Two parts of dances of twelve pieces each were on the pretty diamond shaped programmes, which also showed the officers of the day to be as follows: Committee of Arrangements, A. Capelli, Chairman; John F. O'Brien and Theo. I. Lounsbury. Floor manager—Thomas F. Fox. Floor Committee—Edwin A. Hodgson, Chairman; C. T. Thompson; A. W. Hanning, Ira Tyler and A. Ekartd. Reception Committee—Alex. L. Pach, A. C. Bachrach, H. C. Kohlman, S. Frankenheim, F. W. Meinken, M Heyman, W. S. Abrams, Chas. McManus, R. Douglas, Wm. S. Long, T. W. Haight, R. H. McVea, Martin Glynn, W. L. Hanson, F. B. Thompson. The officers of the club are: I. N. Soper, President; A. Capelli, Secretary; J. Alexander, Treasurer; and C. J. LeClercq, Captain.

From the souvenir journal is quoted: "The Silent Wheelmen were organized in April 1897, and at present there are twenty-seven members, with prospects of a largely increased roster by next spring. Our aims are for the welfare of the deaf cyclers as well as to join with cyclers in general for the promotion of all that is embodied in the Constitution and By-Laws of the L. A. W.

"If any one wonders how a deaf bicyclist can safely plod his way along the thronged avenues, it is only necessary to say in reply, that the deaf have trained eyes and see sideways, so that when their heads are turned to one side they actually see behind. No accidents have befallen one of our ranks, and of all the deaf cyclists but one—an old man of seventy years—ever met with fatal injuries. They are very careful as a rule, and although they can hear no warning bell, they do not get in the way of any one (except scorchers, perhaps, but then it should be said scorchers have no right of way and should get off the earth.) We have somes good racers who do their racing on tracks and not on the avenues. In this city there are over a hundred deaf bicyclists and if you want to find them out, 'ring them up.'!"

The Wheelmen have nothing to be ashamed of. Their initial picnic was a good affair, and when things get down to a finer shape, constitution and by-laws are adopted, regular officers installed and thorough organization effected, it will be a boon to the deaf social world.

Fred. W. Meinken was hastily summoned to Fosterdale, N. Y., last week, where he found his little baby suffering from cholera infantum, but happily the little one pulled through and will soon return to the city with her mother.

Joseph Kenny, seventeen years of age, brother of Mrs. John Lloyd, was drowned while in swimming at Throgg's Neck, Westchester, last Friday. He was among twenty-five other boys in charge of a supervisor, and was missed only, when the boys lined up for the return to the school. His body was recovered. The sympathy of many go with Mrs. Lloyd and her aged mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul W. Rosenecker hied to Bayonue, N. J., last week, and under the guidance of the genial Max Koehler, hauled in twenty crabs, but forgot to remember the hard-working reporter.

Alex. J. Laing, who was for seven years in the employ of the Butterick Pattern Co., has been indefinitely laid off, owing to the adoption of the new process that is to supersede wood engraving.

Peter F. Redington can with pride point out specimens of his handicraft, as he has been engaged in painting most of the public buildings in Brooklyn during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vetterlein and child have returned home from the seashore, where they were for most of the summer, having a tip-top time. Mr. Vetterlein is a cigar manufacturer, with factory on Pear. Street, and has a trade that is all the time expanding.

Henry T. Haight has four wheels in his house belonging to members of his family, and he himself is thinking whether to get a Hickok, Victor or Columbia for himself. He can ride.

Special meeting of League of Elect Surds Saturday evening, to hear report from outing committee; also committee on ball.

Silent Wheelmen will meet at their old rendezvous, 181st Street, Sunday at 10 A.M. The picnic committee will have their report ready.

George W. Gross, of Jersey City, and Miss Rose Lackas, of Brooklyn, were married Sunday evening, September 12th, at St. Charles Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Father Ward tieing the nuptial knot, and John Lackas, brother of the bride, and Mamie Hughes, acted as best man and bridesmaid respectively. A number of relatives and friends were present, the affair being of a private character.

TED.

Was Dumb Twenty-Three Years.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF THE VOICE REPORTED IN PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 9.—Prof Drouot of the National Institute for the Deaf and Dumb in this city, describes a singular case of a dumb person recovering the faculty of speech. A child was stricken with dunbness, after a serions illness, at the age of two years. He is now 25 years old, and had not uttered a sound since his illness until the other day. He then craved a whiff of tobacco, and was vainly trying to make his sister understand what he wanted, when he mechanically uttered the word "tabac." Since then he has continued to speak fluently.

Prof. Drouot examined the case and declares that it is a strange and rare one, but adds that it can be explained by the fact that the young man was not deaf, only dumb. He considers that his dumbness was due to part paralysis and debility of the vocal cords, and that speech was regained when, with the lapse of years, the vocal organs gained strength.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SERVICE FOR DEAF-MUTES. SEPTEMBER 19th.

FOURTEEN SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, THREE P.M.

Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y., at 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.

CHICAGO.

The Resolutions Were Passed.

JOURNAL'S REPORT CORRECT.

The Club Has New Quarters--Wheelmen's Picnic.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

The Illinois *Advance* of September 11th, is evidently endeavoring to appease threatened political wrath from the powers that be, or is deliberately putting the Alumni Association before its readers as a very queer sort of an organization; if not falsifying, to speak plainly.

In this issue it flatly denies that a set of resolutions condemning Gov. Tanner for the part he took in the removal of Supt. Walker, the passage of the Bogardus Day School bill and the removal of the president of the board of trustees of the institution (These resolutions were printed in full in the JOURNAL of Sept. 2), were ever passed at the convention.

It seems the resolutions, as printed in the JOURNAL and also in the Jacksonville dailies, have given offense to some one, and efforts are being made to make the Jacksonville papers believe they have been imposed upon.

Be the reasons of the *Advance* what they may, the resolutions as printed in the JOURNAL'S account of the covention *were* passed, and without opposition at that.

The writer of the editorials in the *Advance* has seen fit to mention my name as one of those giving publicity to the "resolutions which were not passed," and I wish to say that, not only was my account of the meetings complete, but it was also *correct*.

Outside of my being present at the convention as a spectator and as representative of the JOURNAL, I had no interest in its proceedings, nor have I any side to take in any factional (real or unreal) row there may be brewing or has been in the past. I owe no allegiance to the Alumni Association, but hope to take some interest in the organization under its new name and constitution, having joined the Gallaudet Union.

It seems that a great ado is being made over the fact the date in the body of the resolutions happens to be August 28, instead of 27. This was merely a typographical error, and does not at all excuse the *Advance's* position in the matter.

The resolutions were passed August 27, and that is sufficient.

The *Advance* is not making any friends for itself—at least in this district— by its attempts to "deny everything," and to say the least, Editor Read must have a bad case of political "Sword of Damocles" in view, to cause him to depart so far from the correct recital of what was done at the convention, especially when it is remembered he was present himself and, if I remember rightly, had nothing to say when the resolutions were put to the convention before their passage.

As to the resolutions themselves, no one who has the interests of the deaf at heart (unless he, unfortunately, holds a job where politics is king) will question their justice.

The Pas-a-Pas club held a special meeting Saturday evening, the 11th, and the result is that the club is once more to move into new quarters Dissatisfied with the two rooms they have been occupying since last April, by reason of the lack of conveniences which their former spacious quarters allowed, the members wanted a change and as a result the committee has rented two rooms and an assembly hall at 40 E. Randolph St., in the Handel Hall building, the same building in which the late Reunion was held. The club will move about Oct. 1st, and arrangements are being made for a "house warming." The new quarters are steam heated and have elevator service and electric lights. It is the intention of the club to devote the third Saturday evening in each month to a social affair in the assembly hall; the other rooms will be used as regular club rooms for the meetings and use of the members only, and it is hoped the new location will be found "just right." The building is opposite the Masonic Temple in Randolph St., and is very convenient to all street car lines, being right in the heart of the business or downtown district.

The Club has a new applicant for membership in James I. Devitt, formerly of St. Paul, but now residing here.

The picnic of the Pas-a-Pas Wheelmen on Labor Day was a very enjoyable affair. The grounds chosen were on the lake shore, and all the pleasures accompanying the nearness of the water were indulged in during the day. Most of the boys rode out on their wheels, the distance being about 9 miles from town. They started in a body from the Public Library at ten A.M. and the trip was made in less than an hour's time. Miss Thora Forbregd was the only lady who attempted the ride, and she rode both ways, and as her house is on the West Side, she made about 22 miles as her share of the trip.

The wheelmen had a club run to Dunning, Ill., Sunday, the 12th. Next Sunday they will try a Century run over the Wheeling—Waukegan route.

Messrs. Geo. W. Hayes and Joseph Kolhoff, of Benton Harbor, Mich., were in town Labor Day, and were callers at the club rooms.

Geo. Taylor was in Michigan City, Ind., Wednesday, the 8th inst., going over on the Whaleback excursion.

F. P. G.

P. S.—"Phil Dean" a poet! oh, my!

Buffalo, N. Y.

The members of the Dunne Social Club and the Ladies of the St. Mary's Literary Society are thankful to the Pennsylvania delegates from the Erie, Pa., convention, for their presence at the reception given to them on the 28th of last month, by the members of both the clubs. Never before in its history had the club's hall been so crowded with guests. There were fifty guests from out of town. Among them twenty-one were from Pennsylvania.

The members assembled at the hall at eight o'clock. There the Pennsylvania delegates found them waiting for their guests, and all that was possible had been done for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. The party arrived shortly from a trip to Niagara Falls, and was received at the club at 8.15 P.M., and delighted with the preparations that had been made for them. Among them were four cyclists that arrived on their wheels, from Pennsylvania to the Falls and from there to our club room.

Of course the members of club and society were looking forward to a most enjoyable evening.

Miss Mary Carroll, the president of the Ladies Society made an address of welcome to the guests, and John P. Conlon next took the stand. Then Messrs. Zeigler and Underwood of Philadelphia, Pa., were invited to take the floor, and they delivered short addresses. Then luncheon was served, for about ninety in all. There were some homeless boys in the yard, peeking through the windows, and when Mr. Conlon saw them he threw open the door and invited them in to help themselves to the cream and cakes.

At eleven o'clock the party broke up; some had to catch the 11:30 train for their different homes. There were a few who had their tickets extended so they could remain in Buffalo until Sunday night. Miss Reed, of New Jersey, was only one that left Monday night by the D. L. W. R. R. She called on Miss Carroll the day she left, but Miss Carroll was not at home until late.

The delegates from Pennsylvania were as follows:

Messrs. R. M. Zeigler, Stevenson, Underwood, Wilson, Pollock, Rolshouse, Zuber, Atcheson, Allabough, McMaster, Cohen, Baker and Rosenstele; Misses Zuest, Loughridge, Pfeiffer, Wagner, Heim and Mrs. Wilson. Messrs. McKay and Hallett, of Niagara Falls; Miss Reed, of New Jersey; Misses Rnein and Bodde, of Detroit, Mich., and Miss Botts, of Pennsylvania. The last named three were visitors.

Miss Mary Conlon and her brother Frank, both children of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Conlon, came home last Friday, from Saginaw, Michigan, where they spent all the summer with their aunt. They look fresh and strong.

Mr. Wm. Briel expects his wife and daughter home this week from Monroe, Mich., where they have been gone since last June. They were called away to the bedside of their mother and grandmother, who passed away.

Miss Minnie O'Donnell, of Niagara Falls, passed away at the home of her parents on the 2d inst., at 9 o'clock in the morning. The deceased was twenty-five years of age, and for the past year she has been ill with consumption. She leaves a father, mother and brother. The funeral took place on the 4th inst. Miss O'Donnell was a graduate of the deaf-mute Institution here.

JOHN PAT.

Silent Wheelmen.

There will be a meeting of the Silent Wheelmen at 181st Street and Amsterdam Avenue, September 19th, at 10 A.M. All members are requested to attend.

I. N. SOPER, *President.*

A. CAPELLI, *Sec'y.*

COLUMBUS.

The Intellect Moulding Machinery Started.

DEATH RELEASED TWO PUPILS.

Paragraphs of Interest.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

The children are with us again bringing with them ruddy and sunburnt cheeks. The halls of the building again resound with their feet as they ramble to and fro. All is busy life again in and about the building, and nothing is left to indicate the loneliness that reigned in the place the past three months. Every thing appears so natural, and but for the fact that we know it, there would seem to have been no vacation. The pupils, too, showed in their faces as they arrived in the Union Station, an eagerness to take up their school books again. This augurs well. A desire to learn is sure to be fruitful of good results.

The preliminaries for the opening began Tuesday evening, when the Superintendent called a meeting of the teachers, which was held in the library. He welcomed them back to their duties and then explained his plans for the coming year. He asked their hearty co-operation in the work, and also asked them to make themselves familiar with the course of study and rules of the school. The principal also had a few words of advice for them. He requested that they give more attention to the teaching of morals and manners of the pupils and of keeping better order in the school rooms and halls. There had been a noticeable improvement in this respect the past year, still there was room for more and he hoped for its accomplishment. Printed slips containing assignments of duties for opening day were then distributed. Every officer, teacher and employe was given something to do, so it was a very busy day for all.

Pupils came in pretty promptly, Wednesday, and but for low rates offered from certain points later in the week, by which pupils can save two or three dollars in railroad fare, the number of arrivals would have been greater. As it was, when lights were put out for the night three hundred and fifty-five pupils had retired.

Principal Patterson conducted chapel services Thursday morning. He congratulated the pupils upon their healthful looks, and urged them to make good use of the year's time. He referred feelingly to the deaths of two of their number, Harry Ditmar and Roy Crane, which occurred during vacation. The former died shortly after his return home from school in June, from injuries received by being run over by a milk wagon, and the cause of the latter's death is still fresh in the memories of the JOURNAL readers. The principal took occasion to speak of the uncertainty of life, and of the necessity for all to be prepared for the last summons.

There was no school Thursday and Friday afternoons. The late arrivals of the trunks making it necessary to give the matrons assistance in unpacking them and marking clothing. This the teachers gave.

It would be fortunate, indeed, if a term opened without any changes in the corps of officers and teachers, and as is the custom there were a number of new faces to engage in the work and several promotions, but those already mentioned from time to time in the JOURNAL we will omit. Mrs. Grimes, of Napoleon, becomes a teacher of an oral class formed by increased attendance. Mrs. Mausuer relinquishes her duties as teacher and supervises the oral work. Mrs. Kauffman is assigned to her class. The sign intermediate classes all moved east one room caused by a re-assignment of the oral classes, on the C floor.

A party of people went up to the home on Labor day and report a most pleasant time. The matron prepared an excellent dinner for them, to which all did ample justice. The time was passed in entertaining the inmates of the Home by the party and enjoying themselves in various ways. Those who made it up were Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Bard, Mrs. Pier, Mr. A. H. Schory and son Charles, Misses Nellie Jones, Biggam, Emma Bard, Anna Rodman, Prouty, Jennie Stewart, Mrs. Vandeverer, Don Patterson,—Campbell and Miss Laura George, of Cincinnati.

Mr. Bert Wornstaff, one of the Gallaudet Juniors, came down from Ashley, Wednesday. He has fully recovered from his recent spell of sickness, and will be back at College at the opening of the term.

Miss Laura George is being entertained this week by Miss Bessie McGregor, at her home. She resides in Cincinnati, and this has been her first visit to Colmbus for a long time.

Miss Annie Lowery came and was enrolled as a pupil Thursday. She is a member of the High School. This is a surprise to us, for we had supposed she would be one of the teachers at the opening of the term.

Mr. James W. Barnes a pupil of the Institution in the old and present building, was in the city this week and looked in upon his *Alma Mater* on opening day.

Miss Helen Rose was a visitor for a short time Thursday, being on her way to Fulton, Missouri. She had just come from Granville, Ohio, where she spent the summer with her sick sister, who died on the 5th inst.

Sept. 11,-'97 A. B. G.

RALTIMORE, MD.

Mr. William Nordhouse has our sympathy for his loss of his father, who died last week as a result of injuries received while trying to stop a runaway horse on Park Avenue. The horse attached to a mail-collecting cart of the post office department, in charge of J. S. Arnold, was standing at Park Avenue when a band began to play. This startled the horse and it ran up Park Avenue. Arnold was taking mail from the box to put into the cart, but before he could reach the animal, it had gone off at full speed.

Mr. Nordhouse being out of employment, expected to get a reward by trying to stop the runaway. He caught the lines, but was dragged several yards. Finally he was dashed against a telegraph pole and was rendered unconscious. The doctors hastened to try and get him back to life and found that his skull was fractured at the base. He remained unconscious until he died.

Miss Emma Hare, who has been spending a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Buxton, returned home last Monday, and on finding her eldest sister had died was shocked with grief. We all sympathize with her.

Ye scribe recently received an interesting letter from Rector Rev. Mr. Powell, who is spending his vacation in Canada. He states that he has been quite ill for several weeks, but is on the road to recovery. He expects to return home in October, fully restored.

Would the very busy bodies of other cities, who have had a good deal to say about our affairs, please observe the old adage:

"You mind your own business and I'll mind mine," with our version: "You mind your business and we will mind ours."

Messrs. George Schafer, of Baltimore, and Clayton Wyand, of Washington Co., have been awarded scholarships for Gallaudet College for five years, commencing September, 1897.

At our recent business meeting, Misses Maggie Beimschla and Lizzie Baker and Mr. John E. Bull, of Govanstown, Md., were admitted as regular members of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf. These two ladies are very intelligent semi-mutes. They were educated at Knapp Institute (a pure oral school). They told ye scribe that they wished they had been sent to Frederick instead of the Knapp School, so that they could have learned the sign-language, as well as other advantages.

Messrs. Philip Boss and George Boss took advantage of a cheap Sunday excursion to visit Philadelphia to-day, and left their wives behind them. Poor grass widows!

A small party of young deaf-mutes had an excursion to Cambridge, on steamer Louise, last Friday. The distance is about eighty-two miles between Cambridge and Baltimore. They enjoyed the trip very much. Those who went there were: Mrs. Philip Boss, Mrs. George M. Leitner, Misses Maggie, Cecila Byrne, Helen Addison, Lizzie Baker, and Messrs. Fred. Menkel, Adolph Knoechel and James W. Briscoe, and Miss May Thomas.

Mr. James Briscoe, it seems to us, has been losing flesh considerably.

Mr. George Schafer has returned home after a glorious outing spent for one month at Yeoho, Md., with Mr. Harry Benson.

Mr. Harry Benson, the foreman of the printing office at Maryland School for the Deaf, has gone to Frederick to put everything in order, in time for the pupils who return September 15th. "Then there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Barry and their daughter, Miss A. B. Barry, who have been sojourning in Buena Vista Springs, and Boonsboro for several weeks, returned to their home on Druid Hill Avenue last Friday night.

Miss Katie Sarges and her sister will size up Newark, N. J., next week.

Miss Iola Pettit, who has been spending during the summer with her classmate Miss Lula Pancoast, in Virginia, returned home last week.

Miss Maggie Schuman, who has been sick with malarial fever for one month, is back among the mutes, who are glad to see her.

Sept. 12, '97. MYRTLE.

ALBANY--TROY PICNIC.

The Boston and Albany train from Albany City which stopped at the Niverville (N. Y.) station, *en route* for the "Hub," at 10:30 A.M. on Labor Day, 1897, deposited with the rest, along the wooden platform, a line of smiling people in holiday costume, most of whom carried baskets, bundles, umbrellas, and everything indicative of a contemplated picnic.

These mortals—distinguishable by their uncommunicative communicativeness from others who shared the platform as the train resumed its journey—were our brethren, the deaf-mutes of Albany and Troy, and the suburbs of both.

Their present ultimate destination being the popular gathering-place some distance east of the depot in question and yclept Reinbeck Point, the party, having handcuffed on the spot a number of contributory comers from Jericho and elsewhere, whom they discovered near, started off—some on foot, others by stage—along the rutted wagon-path which stretched around between opposing green fields to the lake-wedded, leafy locality ahead.

The weather, paramount in importance on all such occasions, was happily auspicious to the success of the event, and no cross-eyed Jupiter Pluvius, with his volcanic hose, let fall a torrent from his skiey demesne, upon the earth below him.

Upon their arrival at the pleasure grounds, the temporary invaders dispersed in pairs, trios, and quartets, all over the place. Some sought the ancient dancing pavilion, with its weather-beaten exterior; some ran to the swings to conceive new theories on aerostation and gravitation; and some gathered round in a game of blind man's buff beneath the trees. All this prior to lunching time.

In the afternoon, after the contents of the various baskets had been disposed of, there was dancing at the pavilion, boating on the lake, walking over the grounds and chatting on the grass for any length of time.

Lay-Missionary Harry Van Allen, during the course of the day, made a speech from the top of an orchestral platform situated in the open, congratulating those around him on their presence at the picnic, and expressing sympathy for those who had not come. He then, after due inquiry, announced Miss Clara Daniels, of Clarksburg, Mass., as the winner of the long-distance prize offered by him, the young lady in question having traveled 55 miles to attend the picnic. The prize was one year's subscription to any paper published for the deaf.

In conclusion the lay-missionary spoke of the desirability of a similar gathering next year, and hoped that all present would come again in 1898, whatever the date and the place selected, bringing with them as many of their friends as possible. Phil Johnson followed Mr. Van Allen, with a dozen facetious remarks from the board elevation above referred to, and the speechifying came to an end.

Toward evening a money-scooper turned up on the grounds with an assortment of cheap jewelry, includings watches, rings, brooches and scarf-pins, to be tried for, at 10 cents a chance, by the insertion of an agate through a hole at the top of a bell-shaped metal cap which covered a metal plate wherein were holes, for the reception of the agate bearing numbered slips corresponding to the number allotted to each piece of jewelry on display before the crowd. Nobody save his inferred confederate was able to secure a watch, and the fellow made a big scoop all around. His victims were for the most part hearing people on the grounds.

By six o'clock most of the deaf-mutes were whizzing homeward from Niverville, bearing with them fond remembrance of the day just ended. A solitary few remained behind to take the 9.09 train for Albany, or the 9.33 train going in the direction opposite.

Among those who attended the the picnic were: Mr. Joseph Belouin, of North Adams, Mass., Miss Clara Daniels, of Clarksburg, Mass.; Mr. John Bedford, and Mr. White, of Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Odilla Barbeau, of Greylock, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Simon Small, of Coltsville, Mass.; Mr and Mrs. Chas. Risley, Mr. Walter Sears, and Mrs. Eveline Rulett, of Dalton, Mass.; Mrs. James Russell, of New York, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ticknor, of Niverville; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith, and little boy, of Troy; Mr. and Mrs. John Connerton, of Green Island; Mr. Richard Grith, and Mrs. Bass, of Cohoes; Miss Rosa Getty, of Lansingburg; Mr. George Gilboe, of Green Island; Miss Annie Palmer, of South Troy; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Van Allen, and little daughter; Mrs. Skinkle, Messrs. Chas. E. Mull, Myron R. Palmer, John H. Hogan, William Colwell, Andrew Keenan, Philip Johnson, and Misses Almira Warren, Helen Dugdale, Mary Lewis, Fannie Allen, Anastasia Costigan, Maggie Flynn, and Maggie Welch, all of Albany.

J. H. H.

Sept. 8, 1897.

"Awkward Squad" at Fanwood.

SOME AMUSING SCENES TAKEN FROM THE "AWKWARD SQUAD"—THE EXECUTION OF THE FIRST DRILL BY THE DEAF AT THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

Written by a Cadet-Officer.

All of the readers of this paper know the meaning of the word "awkward." It came from the lips of persons who had watched the antics, twistings and wonderful acrobatic feats of embryo cadets. In this column I will tell about the execution of the first drill, and how the deaf learn the first lesson in drilling.

When a cadet has been assigned to the squad, he must first receive his notice of rules, then a uniform of grey trousers, grey coat with brass buttons, and cap with its band of glistening patent leather. He must first brush his shoes well before he joins the squad.

"Now;" thinks he, "I will have a good time; I'll drill hard and graduate in a day or so, and perhaps be an officer within a month." He must first go and report to the major and then to the officer of the day. When the major first receives him he "sizes him up," and tells him to report to the Captain of Company "A." He is as soon put into line with other cadets and then his troubles—no I mean "fun"—begins.

The captain, who is a burly fellow, is a strict disciplinarian and is fond of fair play.

"Well, you're a pretty-looking lot of soldiers!" exclaimed the captain. "I want you to keep your hands at your side, fingers closed, head up and chest out. Steady, there, No. 4, stand like a soldier!" After showing how a the soldier should stand, and after persistent drilling changes this, all at least learn how to stand.

The captain then gives a brief lecture about the next movement, then spells the order, "Right face!" No. 1 promptly faces to the left, while No. 2, who goes right executes a double somersault, due to the tremendous collision between himself and No. 1. Nos. 3, 4 and 5, stand for a second or so in a profound trance, then slowly and with dignity proceed to place themselves in every possible position save only the correct one.

Captain Mc—— mentioned the fact that slowness in the execution of orders delighted him greatly, but his co-worker, first sergeant B——, had an absurd yearning after rapidity, and trusted squad would honor him.

"Forward March!" was the next command. "Executed finely!" said the captain, observing that nobody went backward or even sideways. "Squad halt!" One halted, the others merely paused then continued until a fence blocked their way.

The captain expressed some anger, and after giving them a brief lecture advised them to be more careful in the future.

"Mark time!" said the captain. For a wonder it was done right. "To the rear—March!" No. 1 turned, the rest didn't. The result was too picturesque to be fully described.

"Oh!" said the captain, "you're all right." "I agree with you perfectly," rejoined the first sergeant.

By this time, with the aid of guns used as rakes, the heap was disentangled and order restored.

"The next man who makes a mistake will be killed," emphatically said the captain.

No. 1 said; "You ought to excuse me, because this is my first lesson."

"Well, I'll be hanged if you don't beat anything n the way of hayseeds I have seen for a long time!" said sergeant B——.

Then the matter was adjusted to the satisfaction of the superior officer in charge, although some minor objections were raised by the others.

After drilling for days, guns (not real ones, some used brooms and others rakes) were given to the squad. Careful explanations were made about the manual and how to use them. After asking each of the squad if they understood the explanations, they all replied in affirmative. "All right," said the captain. "I'll fix them anyway."

"Squad—At-t-e-n-tion!" commanded the captain. "Carry Arm-m-s!"

What did the squad do? Did the boys promptly and gracefully come to a "carry?" Not by a large and overwhelming majority. They did everything but "carry arms," only two things there were left undone—they neither carried arms nor died. Either would have satisfied the disgusted commander. Order was at last restored.

Just at this point the major, who had watched the scene from a window near the "battle-field," came.

"Steady there, boys!" said he. "Keep your heads up, chins well in, chests out, heels together, eyes to the front, fingers closed—"

"Say, General, I ain't much on 'membering things, but if you'll write that ere down I'll match you drillin' in about a week.

The inquiring squad man received a gentle tip that his advice was not required at present; but at some future date, when advice was needed, a typewritten request would be mailed to him.

This appeared to satisfy the "aspirant" to military fame, and he straightway subsided.

"Now boys," continued Major V. T——, "when you do a thing, do it handsomely. Put some life in it. Do it with a snap. Do not be sleepy."

At this point the boys got thoroughly enthused by the eloquence of the forcible exhortation of the major.

"Carry—arms!" said the major. Every man put his "gun" up in the air and was about to start to march.

"No—Halt!" said the captain. "You all make me tired, and I have made a mind to thrash each of you, and if any one of you do not want to learn, then—well, go and report to the Colonel. Be careful in the future, and I do not want any awkwards in the company." "All right," said the boys.

After order was restored, the major said the squad was one of she best drilled in the country and he hoped the company will keep on in its good work.

"Squad—At-t-e-n-tion!" commanded the captain. "Carry-Arms?" To his surprise it was done right. "Mark time—March!" said the captain. The squad marched well for the first time. "Halt!" was the next command. For a wonder it was done beautifully, and the captain seemed to put some life in it.

"Carry-Arms!" was the next command. This time it was executed, and the captain looked as if he was the happiest man on the earth, and said: "You are progressing rather fast, and I hope you will keep on your good work. Try to put some life in it."

"Keep the cadence, boys!" "Order-Arms!" The guns promptly came down, and the captain satisfied that the men were well on the way toward perfection, left the "battle-field" and left the sergeant to take charge of the squad.

The sergeant, who had been watching events out of the corner of his eyes, now came to the front, and gave the command:

"At—ease!"

After a brief respite, came the command: "Squad—atten-tion!"

"Right Shoulde-e-r-r—Arm-ms!"

No 1 promptly dropped his piece on the toe of the man next to him, while he in turn threw down his piece and executed a sailor's hornpipe in as artistic a manner as could be expected of a man who is nursing one foot in his hand and dancing around on the other.

In the meantime, Nos. 3, 4 and 5, after a few contortions, came to order, leaned, on then "guns" and ha! had at No. 2's plight, suggesting that music by the band night add to the effect.

"There is only one thing you deaf people are good for," said the sergeant, "and that is to go off, and in some quiet corner and give up the ghost. Parade is dismissed!"

Strange to say, our friends whose mishaps have engrossed us for the time, are now excellent soldiers. But they were once awkward for the nonce. No wonder they were once "awkward." The funny scene was witnessed by several deaf visitors, and even some hearing persons, and they had a good time laughing all the time, and no doubt they will never forget what they saw at Fanwood.

H. F. B.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. Aug. 30, '97.

Rev. Goodman—You are a very noble little fellow, Tommy. Now tell me what deep, underlying principle prompted you to forgive those wicked boys who called you ugly names?

Tommy—They was all bigger than me.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Half a pound of dried currants, in lieu of oats, is said to be given to the Khedive's horses in Egypt, and this is claimed to be the secret of the animals' great endurance.

A Millionaire's Extravagance.

An example of extravagance by a well known millionaire who built himself a castle in one of the English midland counties is reported by *The English Illustrated Magazine.* The water of the place was pure and sufficient, but a case of scarlet fever occurring in the village at a little distance from his residence, he took a dislike to the local water supply, and at a cost of over $400,000 provided himself with a fresh supply from a distance of 18 miles. Without children or wife and a great traveler, he does not inhabit his own country place for more than three months in the year. Although he drinks no wine, his water is an expensive beverage. Allowing only 3 per cent on the money, with 1 per cent sinking fund, his water costs him $250 for every day he visits his castle. This supply, it should be added, is limited to the one house. There is really no reason why it should be shared with others, for the local supply is ample and of good quality.

Where Poison is Gleaned.

If Africa can boast a diamond king and America a silver king, England has its arsenic king, for there lives in Cornwall the representative of a company of manufacturers who at times has all the arsenic in the world, or most of it, in his hands. Not many months ago this gentleman held £60,000 worth of the crystalline stuff. England has practically the world's monopoly of arsenic, and England in this case means Devon and Cornwall.

A year or two ago there were in Cornwall places which were the most desolate to look at one could imagine. It was as if here and there gigantic monsters had wantonly devastated the country. All around these monstrous rubbish heaps was silence. The cottages were deserted, the building had fallen in. Nobody ever came near. There were the sites of abandoned tin mines. Of late, however, there has been a change. On the mounds have appeared men, women, and children, peering, groping, picking, piling up. To look at them one would say, gleaners at work. These men and women are gleaning. Not, indeed, for the yellow ears which give bread, but for the white stones which give poison. They are searching the burrows for white mundic, technically called mineral mispickel, or arsenical pyrites. In former days this mispickel went to the rubbish heap. Now it is a valuable product. The gleaners are searching for arsenic, the wickedest and most infamous of mineral poisons.

The word arsenic is apt to fill the ordinary mind with gloomy visions. To the chemist, to the industrial, and to the husbandman, however, the word has a happier sound. In the hands of Fowler it became a medicine which has restored vigor to the blood and color to the cheeks of thousands of sufferers. It is also the active principle in sheepdip, and a prominent manufacturer whose name is known all over the British empire uses over 1,000 tons a year. It is largely used in analine dyes. It enters into the composition of certain kinds of glass, is mixed with lead for making shot, and in form of paris green, it triumphed over the pest that was the phylloxera of the potato. In the Calstock district, in Devonshire, the various mines—the Devon Great Consul's, Holmbush, Okel Tor, Coomberworks, Gawton and Westlake—until recently have been producing about 600 tons of arsenic a month. Arsenic is now worth £23 a ton. A few years ago it was worth but £13. The rise in the price is owing to the failure in some of the mines.

Arsenic is soot, white soot. Refined arsenic is the soot of soot—that is to say, it is the soot of crude arsenic, which is the soot of the ores or of mundic. The stones or ores as they come from the mines are crushed by stamps, mainly driven by water power, to the consistency of sand gravel. Mundic is usually less finely crushed than the ores which are to be treated for tin. This sand or gravel is then shoveled into a kiln or furnace.

"I can show you the whole process of arsenic getting in a few minutes," said Mr. William Thomas, of the Camborne School of Mines. "It is very simple." He produced a piece of white mundic, which we had picked up on one of the burrows at Dolcoath mine, broke off a small piece and pounded this into powder with a hammer. He then took a glass tube, which was bent at angle of sixty degrees. "The part which is horizontal," he said, "represents the kiln. This gas jet"—we were in the laboratory of the Camborne School of Mines—"represents the furnace, and the part of the tube which slopes upward represents the condensing chambers."

He then loaded the lower part of the tube with some of the crushed mundic and held the tube over the flame of the gas. Almost immediately a bright yellow cloud flew up, staining the tube yellow.

"There goes the sulphur," said Mr. Thomas. This was followed by white smoke. "That is the arsenic," he said.

As rapidly as it volatilizes, so rapidly does it condense. The arsenic fumes begin to deposit their soot as soon as they escape from the great heat of the furnace. This is crude arsenic. This was to be seen by this experiment also. The white smoke escaping from the tube deposited a grayish film on the interior of the glass, which came away in powder when the tube was tapped against the palm of the hand.

"That is crude arsenic," said Mr. Thomas. "To obtain refined arsenic of commerce, all you would have to do would be to roast that powder again. The second roasting would free it from any carbon or other substances which it may contain."

The manufacture of this poison is indeed terrible in its simplicity. One wet afternoon I had taken refuge in a Cornish cottage, where I fell in a gentleman who is largely interested in this industry.

"It is the simplest thing in the world," he said. "Look, here is a piece of arsenic stone," and he produced a glittering pebble. "Well, with nothing but that stone, the kitchen fire and that shovel there, I can produce enough arsenic to kill every man, women and child in this cottage within a few minutes." So he put his piece of white mundic in the fire, and held the shovel over it, so that the fumes would strike it as they rose, and there, true enough, after a few minutes, was a deposit which when scraped, came away in the form of grayish powder. "That's arsenic," he said; "would you like to taste it?"

Arsenic, then, is the soot which is deposited by the fumes which rise from the roasting of arsenical ores. If these fumes were allowed to escape up a long chimney direct from the furnace, that chimney would soon become choked with white soot; but much would escape with the rest, and wreak devastation abroad. Arsenic fumes are very dangerous to vegetation, as well as to life, and accordingly, even when this soot had little or no commercial value, care was taken by the manufacturers to avoid the penalties of the alkali and other acts, to allow as little arsenic as possible to escape with the smoke from their furnaces. The smoke from the calciners is accordingly allowed to escape only after it has deposited every atom—as far as this is possible—of its arsenic soot. To produce this effect it passes through numerous chambers before it reaches the chimney through which it issues forth into the open air.

The number of these chambers varies as does also their length. Sometimes they extend over 1,000 feet. The series of chambers forms one long zig-zag passage, broken at intervals by a wall extending almost its whole width, starting now from one side, now from the other. Each chamber is from five feet to five and one-half feet high, and from three to four feet wide. Entrance is obtainable into the chamber—for the purpose of clearing out the crude arsenic or soot—through an opening in the wall, which is closed up with an iron plate carefully plastered over around the edges. Arsenic has a great affinity for oxygen, so that the slightest crack in the walls will serve for a leakage. Here and there along a series of flues one sees little jets of escaping fumes, where the arsenic—as they say in the district—is "smeeching." In this way, of course, a considerable quantity is lost. Thus in prospecting for lost arsenic in the flues of Okel Tor there were discovered in various cracks and crannies upwards of ninety tons of the precious soot, and afterward a further 300 tons were dug up from under the floor of the chamber.

The chambers are opened at irregular periods. The crude arsenic is taken out by the shovelful and heaped up in a shed. At one mine I saw a heap of the bluish-white soot. "There's enough arsenic there," said my guide, "to poison a whole city." The bluish tint which I noticed proceeded from the carbon and other extraneous matter, but this heap contained at least 70 per cent of pure arsenic, and was worth as it stood from £17 to£ 18 the ton.

The crude arsenic has to be refined so as to eliminate the flue dust, etc. The refining is practically a repetition of the roasting. From the furnaces a hat flue of brickwork, generally about 100 feet long, leads to a series of zigzag "kitchens" or chambers. In the hot flue the carbon, flue dust, and other extraneous matter deposit, whilst in the zig-zag chambers what is practically pure arsenious anhydride condenses from the fumes. The arsenic is then taken to the milling room, where with an ordinary flour mill, it is ground into fine powder and discharged direct into barrels, in which, by an ingenious automatic contrivance, it is tightly packed—*Cleveland Leader.*

When the Baby Cried.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* prints what it calls "an amusing story" about a young father and mother of New York.

It will raise a smile, no doubt, but it may also teach a lesson.

A doctor was summoned at midnight to the bedside of a baby over whose little cot the youthful father and mother were hanging distractedly.

"O doctor, what can be the matter with him?" the red-eyed young mother said "He cries and tosses about so. I am afraid he is very ill."

The doctor felt the child's pulse and examined him with a critical eye.

"Bring me some cold water," he said shortly. "The child is thirsty."

The water was brought. The child drank copiously and then dropped asleep. The old doctor looked at the father and mother over his glasses.

"You young fools!" he said. "Don't you know enough to give your baby a drink of water? Five dollar please. Croton water is expensive if you get me up at one o'clock at night to administer it.'

Sometimes you are lucky not to get what you pay for.

The Ancient City of Pekin.

ONE OF THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD —CAPITAL OF THE GREAT KHAN.

The city is one of the oldest in the world, but it was not made a capital until Kubal Khan, somewhere about 1882, fixed his court there. Under the Mongols the name of Peking was Khan-polik, or City of the Khan, and this title was easily converted into Cambaluc, by which name it is known in the accounts of those times.

Peking is divided into two parts. The northern portion is the Tartar city, and contains about twelve square miles; in this are the palaces, government buildings, troops, and and the military barracks. The southern part is the Chinese city, and is more populous than the Tartar, less of its space being taken up by gardens and public buildings. The population is estimated at different figures, but 2,000,000 appears to be a fair estimate.

A wall separates the Tartar from the Chinese city, and a wall of varying height surrounds the whole, that of the Tartar section being about fifty feet high, and then around the Chinese section about thirty feet high. These walls are of brick and stone filled in with earth and paved on the top with slabs of stone, affording a promenade twelve feet wide. There are sixteen gates in all, and each gateway is fortified with towers of stone, and other towers are fixed at intervals of about sixty yards all around the walls. These towers project fifty feet from the outer side of the walls, and those at the gateways have in front of them a fortification of a semi-circular shape, so that the gate must be entered from the side and not from the front.

The Tartar city is divided into three inclosures, each being surwith its own wall, and each inside of another. The innermost of these is the prohibited city, and contains the imperial palaces and offices. Its circumference is nearly two miles; the wall is covered with imperial-yellow tiles, which look brilliant from a distance. The inclosure next outside of this is occupied by the government offices and by the army appointed to keep guard over the emperor and his family.

The next outside of this is the outermost of all, and consists of dwelling houses and shops.

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

TOMATO BISQUE.

Boil a pint of canned tomatoes until soft; then rub gently through a sieve, retaining the hard parts, if any. Thicken a quart of boiling milk with two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch wet with cold milk, and cook five minutes. Add a piece of butter the size of a large egg, cut in bits, a teaspoonful of salt and a little white pepper. When the milk boils, add the strained tomato, and serve with hot toasted crackers.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE.

Cut the breasts of two young chickens each into three pieces and unjoint the legs. Dry each piece with a soft cloth, dip in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, fry brown in fresh butter, and season with salt and pepper. When well browned add a teaspoonful of the liquor in which have been previously boiled the neck and back pieces, and the giblets. Cover and simmer half an hour. Take out the chicken, and keep warm in the oven.

APPLE SAUCE THAT WILL KEEP.

The apples should be peeled, cored and freed from every blemish, then cut in quite small pieces. A large earthen jar, with a cover, should be ready to receive them. Into this put, first, a liberal sprinking of sugar, with cinnamon to taste; then a layer of apples, then more sugar and cinnamon, and so on till the jar is full. The sugar should be regulated according to the tartness of the apples. The jar should be placed at the back of the range, and the fruit kept covered and gently simmering through the day. It should then be set away to cool, and the apples taken out as they are needed.

CELERY SALAD.

Cut celery stalks into small pieces, put in a salad bowl and mix with the following mayonnaise: Beat together the yokes of two eggs, a teaspoon of salt, a scant teaspoonful of white peper, and a teaspoon of powdered mustard. Into a cup measure half a teacupful of melted butter, into another cup three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Put into the egg mixture a very little of the butter; beat well; then a few drops of vinegar, and beat; then alternate until butter and vinegar are used, stirring constantly to make the dressing creamy and glossy. Garnish with points of pickled beets, the points toward the center of the bowl with the tops rounded to fit it.

A KIND-HEARTED PRINCE

"Mabam" relates the following incident of the Prince of Wales: "During his recent visit to Cardiff," it says, "the Prince stopped to look at a linotype machine at the exhibition, and the operator was not at his post. When found, he was discharged on the spot. The man afterward wrote to the Prince saying that he did not mind being discharged, but was greatly distressed at having caused his royal highness disappointment.

On hearing of this, the Prince at once wrote to the mayor of Cardiff, who is also Lord Windsor, and asked him to see the proprietors of the machine and express his royal highness's hope that the man might be reinstated. Lord Windsor conveyed the royal wishes to the managing director, with the result that the man is now back at work. And it is just by such little acts of of genuine humanity that the Prince has endeared himself to us all. and made us think of him as a really good fellow as well as our future ruler."

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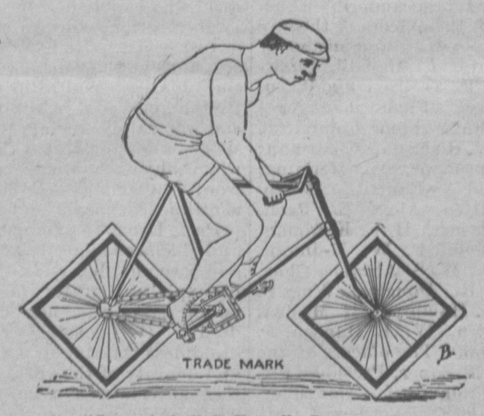

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